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"Happy and glorious, long to reign over us, God Save the Queen!"

The Procession of the People.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

VICTORIA and her People! Already in the eyes of all the world had the Queen and the Princes passed in Procession before the People—one thing more was wanting to illustrate the greatness and the glory of the reign: that the People should pass in Procession before the Queen. The first function proclaimed the magnitude and the splendour of the Empire: the second was wanted in order to show what had been done, while the Empire was stretching out branches in all directions, for the advance and the welfare of the People. All other Sovereigns had ignored the People: they were left to themselves. In this reign, for the first time, they had been cared for. Great as was the Glory of the Function which displayed the Empire, greater far was the Glory which belongs to the education, the protection, the advance of the whole nation under the most beneficent Sovereign who ever sat upon a Throne. The Procession of the People took place for the Queen alone. There were no bands of music: there were no flags flying: there was no shouting of the multitude. There was just the Procession of the People as they marched past the Throne, silent save for the voice of one: speechless save for their faces which spoke of praise and gratitude. Nor was her Majesty surrounded by her sons and her grandsons, her daughters and her granddaughters. She sat quite alone in an arm-chair. The Procession was for her, and only for her: it was a Procession which showed the People as they were long ago, in 1837; and as they are now—after the Reign of sixty years. They marched silently, a huge multitude whom no man could number, a long line of white faces turned to the Throne. I observed that the faces of 1837 were hard and hostile and threatening, even in the very presence of the Queen. Before the Throne they changed to the faces of 1897: and then all faces alike were full of admiration, and respect, and love.

They marched in Companies: each Company having something to say and something to offer. Strange offerings they were to lay at the feet of the Queen.

The first Company was one of Boys and Girls. Their age was from six to sixteen. They were in lamentable condition: thin, pale, emaciated: they trembled as they walked: they looked round as if in fear of someone with a whip: they were barefooted and bareheaded: they were clad in the merest rags and pretence at clothing: their hair was unkempt, their faces lacked the look of childhood, which should be careless and joyous, and filled with sunlight—the hearts of those who saw them should have been moved to pity at the sight: their faces were wistful, hungry, pitiful, eager: terror was in their eyes: among them all there was not one smile, among them all not one face of childish joy: they marched heavily, dragging their limbs: there was no spring in their step, as there should be: no one ran: no one leaped: no one sang: no one shouted: they walked like old men. The girls were so like the boys in their short hair and their rags that one could not tell the difference: on the heads of all was a broad bald place: what should make the children bald at fourteen? And why were they so sad? What had become of their youth? In all that company there was not one who showed the least appearance of joy or happiness: there was not among them all a gleam of hope: there was not a touch of joy. They crawled along, eyes down-dropped, hopeless, weary, till they stood before the Throne.

"We are the Children of the Mill and of the Mine." I know not who spoke for them. "We have to work in the Mill from early morning till late at night. Sometimes we work all the night through. Sometimes we have to get up and work from midnight till four or five. When we drop asleep as we stand, the overseer wakes us with his cane: we have no rest: we have no holiday: we have no play: the millowner works us as long as he likes: he would work us all round the clock if he were not afraid of killing us, and then his mill would have to stop: there is no school for us: we never learn anything: neither religion, nor morals, nor knowledge of anything outside the Mill."

He stopped and another Voice began. "We are the Children of the Mine. In the Mine we work from five in the morning till nine in the evening: we work sixteen hours a day, and some of us are not eight years of age: we work nearly naked, boys and girls together: we are chained with an iron chain to the trolley which we drag. Our hair falls off when we push it with our heads. The pitmen beat us and knock us about: when we come up we have no heart for anything but to lie down: there is no school for us: we grow up like brute beasts, but without their joy in life."

Then, as they stood before the Throne there fell upon them a transformation. They became well-fed, healthy children: their rags became decent clothing: the light of youthful joy was in their eyes: the glow of health was in their cheeks: they laughed and leaped. "There came the Queen," said the Voice, "and all is changed. Mill and Mine can no longer take the children all day long: there is school for them: they are human children. This is thy doing, O Queen! At thy feet we lay the old Barbarity and the old Cruelty."

The next was also a Company of Children. Like the others, they were in rags, but in more substantial rags. They were well fed and healthy, but they had a wolfish look: as they marched along they glanced about to right and left as if for something to pick up.

"We," said the Voice, as they halted before the Throne, "are the Children of the Riverside and Slums. There is no school for us except the street: there is no schoolmaster except the policeman: we know not what the Church means: we go about stealing all day long: we steal things to eat: we steal things from the barges: we steal from the shops: it is our only occupation: it is the finest thing in the world to steal without being caught: we learn no trade: we are thieves and drabs born and bred, and so will continue to the end."

Then a change fell upon that Company. The children became decently dressed: the wolfish look went out of their faces. "We go to school," said the Voice. "We have forgotten our old thievish habits: we are growing up orderly and civilised: we have learned our duty towards God, our duty towards our country: we have learned what is meant by the Empire, by the Union Jack, by the Army and the Navy, the liberties and laws of the people, and the Colonies. We are no longer young savages growing up to be a constant menace and terror to the country, but a support and a source of strength. And therefore, O Queen! we lay at thy feet the Education Act of 1870."

The Company that followed were a ragged crew: their coats were out at elbow and ragged in the wrist; they wore cloth caps instead of hats: they had slippers or shoes down at heel, so that they slouched along the way: some of them were so ragged that they kept their things together by skewers instead of buttons. As for their faces, most of them had a look of swagger and recklessness: but some hung their heads in profound melancholy. Who were they?

"We," cried the Voice as they stood before the Throne, "are your Majesty's unhappy Prisoners for Debt: we are imprisoned because we cannot pay our debts: to put us in prison prevents our even trying to pay: we would pay if we could: many of us are in prison for life—because we cannot earn any money—for a few pounds we are imprisoned, and our wives and children must starve for want of the breadwinner. Most of us are poor: we have nothing: we live on the scanty doles of the prison charities: we sleep on bare boards: we are always half starved, half clad: we have not even straw and a blanket. For the criminal there is humanity: he is fed: he is clothed: he is kept warm: his imprisonment comes to an end. For us there is no pity: there is no forgiveness: wretched we are, wretched shall we be until Death releases us."

Then a great change fell upon them. Their rags became clothes: they carried tools: they were working men, or they were honest tradesmen. "O Queen!" they said, "thou hast shut up the Debtors' Prisons. Let us in gratitude lay at thy feet the Prison Keys."

Another Company. This time a band of ancient dames: they were common women, apparently quite rude and ignorant: in the pockets of many appeared the top of a bottle: some of them carried a snuff-box: they were dressed in many petticoats, and with a thick shawl wrapped round their shoulders.

They, too, ranged themselves before the Throne.

"We," cried the Voice, "are the Nurses of 1837! We are ignorant and untrained! We know nothing about disease: we are quite illiterate: we cannot even read the prescriptions: we can only carry out the doctor's orders: we know nothing about temperature: when we have seen all the patients tucked in we sit down ourselves and go off quietly to sleep: if one begins to rave in delirium we shake him till he becomes quiet: if one moans in pain so as to disturb our rest we shake him, too: patients must learn to behave and be quiet. We take a little gin at night—a nurse's hard lot requires some consolation: perhaps we sometimes take too much and sleep through the cries of the aggravating patients."

Then these ancient bibulous dames suddenly changed into a Company of modern Nurses: young, bright, intelligent, eager. The Voice spoke again—

"Since the time of these old women all is changed: the surgeon's mystery is changed: the treatment of the patient is changed: nursing has become a part of the medical profession. In your Majesty's Reign has been introduced a most potent invention—the most far-reaching—for the surgeon's art and for the patient's recovery. Nothing has ever been done for surgery that can compare with the application of anæsthetics. The limit of the power of surgery was formerly the power of the patient to endure pain. Surgery was sharp and quick, or the patient would die under the knife and in agonies of torture. The patient—perhaps a young and shrinking woman—was brought into the theatre, and there, before the eyes of a hundred students, suffered torture of the knife and of shame unspeakable. After the operation followed blood-poisoning, and the patient died. The change is so great as to be a revolution: anæsthetics enable us to keep a patient under the knife as long as is necessary: we can perform with ease operations which were formerly impossible: and anti-septics have removed the danger of blood-poisoning. The sick-bed is no longer a bed of torture and of terror: the greatest terror has been taken out of life. O Queen! let us lay before thy feet the Ignorance and Incompetence of the Past."

There marched next a Company of Soldiers and of Sailors. The former wore a stiff leather stock, which permitted them to look right or left, but not to look down. They wore also white belts across the chest, and these were pipe-clayed thickly, so as to preserve their whiteness. The sailors, loosely dressed in the garb that seldom varies, wore their hair in ringlets, curled up as carefully as those of any girl. A suggestion of tallow as they passed made one guess the material with which their curls were kept in their places.

They stood before the Throne and saluted.

"We are the Soldiers," said the Voice, "and the Sailors of 1837. The soldiers are dressed with a ridiculous stock, which they take off on going into action—imagine the incredible folly of dressing a soldier so that he cannot move! He also has pipe-clayed cross-belts: in the field where would he find the pipe-clay? Why give a soldier useless belts which in the field he could not keep clean? These brave fellows, sailors and soldiers both, march, and live in barracks or on board ship, with the cat-o'-nine-tails hissing in their ears. They are at the mercy of the colonel or the captain; nay, they are at the mercy of the sergeant or the bo's'n. For this offence, for that offence, little or big, they are tied up and lashed: the officers make the regiment smart by flogging: the captain makes his ship smart by flogging: they flog the man who is last on deck: they flog the men for anything: yet the soldiers fight and do their duty. Cruel are the floggings: not a dozen or three dozen, but a hundred, three hundred, even five hundred lashes, though the back and shoulders are stripped to the very bone. Such a power should never be entrusted to any man."

As the Voice concluded, the Company changed. You would be surprised to see what a difference there is merely in the faces of the men of 1897. They are open, free, independent: they are the faces of soldiers—fighting men, not paid mercenaries: they have before their eyes no longer the fear of the lash: they are the faces of men who respect themselves. I think, or I may be mistaken, that it was with a peculiar complacency that her Majesty received the Cat-o'-nine-tails, the Stock, and the Pipe-clayed Belt which her soldiers laid in gratitude at her feet.

The next was a Company of Girls: their looks were discontented and angry. "We," said the Voice, "are the Girls who Sew. All day long we sit at home and sew. We belong to the class which cannot afford to buy its clothes: we make them. We are the girls of the middle class: we are poor and have to look after every penny: but we have to make a respectable appearance. There are tens of thousands like us: daughters of the clergy, of the medical practitioner, of the solicitor, of the shopkeeper—all that we have we make for ourselves. From the time that we leave school till the time that we marry we sit and sew. Always there is beside us a pile of things to be mended and another pile of things to be made: there are the boys' things, our own things, the children's things. When we marry, we begin again with a new pile, for our husbands first, and after a little for the baby too. We are slaves of the needle, and slaves who win no sympathy. Nobody pities the daughter of the middle-class who has to work with her needle all day long and all the evening till supper-time."

A change fell upon them. The discontent and the anger went out of their faces. "Oh!" they cried; "we are free! In half an hour we can now get through as much as formerly in five hours. We are free! We make and mend as much as ever, but we are free. O Queen! let us lay at thy feet the instrument of freedom—the Sewing-Machine, which has emancipated half the women of the country. We are now free to learn, to work, to play. We can attend Colleges and become scholars, or Schools of Art and become painters, or Colleges of Music and play instruments. There are a thousand things that we can do now that we are released from the tyranny of the needle."

So they laid the Sewing-Machine at her Majesty's feet and retired.

The next Company was one of Young Men and Girls. The men were thick of the neck and red in the cheek. They were dressed in ornamental waistcoats with immense ties stuck with sham gold pins: they wore heavy chains of sham gold: their voices were hoarse and loud: they made jests at which they roared: they smoked bad cigars as they walked along. With every man walked a girl: she was dressed in cheap finery, with sham feathers and sham lace. She laughed as loud as her companion, and at jokes as unseemly. "We are the Young Men and the Maidens of 1837," said the Voice. "All day we work in the offices and the shops: in the evening we walk out together, unless the men go by themselves to the public-house. We never read anything, we take no interest in anything, we are as ignorant as the children of the gutter, we drink what we can afford, we make love, we know no better life."

They changed, they became quiet and orderly young people, neatly dressed. "We are the Young People," said the Voice, "of the Present Year. We belong to Polytechnics, to Guilds, to Associations: all day we work in our shops and offices: in the evening we work in the Polytechnics: if we do not work in them we read in the Free Libraries. Formerly there were no books anywhere that the people could read, and they could not afford to buy books. Now, there is the whole of English literature ready for us to read, without money and without price. Some of us work in science: some of us read novels. Here, at least, we find

The Queen's Diamond Jubilee Celebration.



GRAND MILITARY TATTOO AT WINDSOR CASTLE ON JUNE 19, WITNESSED BY THE QUEEN FROM THE LARGE CENTRAL WINDOW.

a school of manners, and we learn what we should think and what we should say. The novels of the Free Library are giving us all the manners of gentleness. O Queen! we lay at your feet the Rowdy Manners of those who lived before the Polytechnic and the Free Library."

The next was a Company of Women: Matrons, Housewives. They were hard and anxious: their brows were stamped with anxiety. "We," they said, "are the Mothers and the Housekeepers of 1837. The times are very hard: most of us belong to shops which keep us: but things are very tight, and sometimes we know not how to turn. The children must eat, yet the quarter loaf is elevenpence; the bread has to be doled out, for each slice is precious: sugar is ninepence a pound: tea is six shillings a pound; mutton and beef are a shilling and fifteenpence a pound: fruit is too dear for such households as ours. How can the house be kept with prices such as these and business so bad as it has been of late?" Then came the transformation. The Matrons were contented and happy. "Food is cheap," they said. "Oh! think what that means, ye women who are mothers! Food is cheap. Sugar is three-halfpence a pound: meat is sevenpence: the quarter loaf is sixpence: tea is eightpence; and as for fruit, there are apples and pears all the year round: there are oranges: there are bananas: never before could one dream of such plenty and such cheapness. They talk of this reform and that: what reform is better for the country than that food should be plentiful and cheap? O Queen! we lay before thy feet the Quarter Loaf which thou hast made so cheap."

The next Company was a band of Stage-Coach Drivers appraised in coats of many capes, with broad-brimmed hats, and faces reddened partly by their exposure to weather of all kinds, partly by addiction to brandy-and-water. "We," said the Voice, "are the Drivers of the stage-coaches and the mails of 1837. The roads were smooth, and the coaches well equipped. We could cover nine miles an hour: we thought it good travelling to get from London to Bath in a single day: outsiders had no cushions to sit upon, and in rainy weather had to sit on a wet seat: sometimes in cold weather their sufferings were very great: some there were who got a wisp of straw when we stopped and used that for a seat. The inns where we stopped for breakfast or for dinner were horribly dear, and there was no time to take the food: the tips for guards, grooms, waiters, and drivers, in addition to the fare and to the charge for dinner, made every journey expensive."

The Voice stopped. The men were transformed. They now wore a serviceable jacket, a thick flannel shirt, and a cap. "We," said the Voice, "are the Engine-Drivers. We take you fifty miles in one hour in all directions out of London every day. You can be at Bath in two hours: York in four: at Edinburgh in eight. We have taught the world to travel: the village no longer remains in seclusion: the working men go about and learn their native country. The past slumber of the people is broken up: they are restless; by our aid they can go where they please. It is good to learn something of the world. O Queen! we lay before thee the Card showing the Times of Departure of the old Stage-Coach."

Another Company. This time a body of men who came running, but not fast: they produced the effect of very fast running without the reality. They wore white aprons, tucked up, and every man carried a parcel. "We are the Street Messengers," said the Voice. "We stand at the corners of streets, and are hired to carry letters and parcels. The shops do not send out their parcels: they are made up, and sent for by the customer: we take them home."

Lastly, there came a Company of a better sort. They stood before the Throne and spoke: "We are the Men of Physical Science. There were none of us in 1837. Therefore there is no contrast. In your Majesty's Reign we have learned how to send and receive messages to and from a man a thousand miles away: we have abolished distance. And we have learned to talk with each other without leaving the room: to talk as freely as if we were together in the room. And we have learned how to preserve as long as we please any speech or discourse. Great are the things that have been done for the people in your Majesty's Reign: equally great are the things that have been done by your men of science. Therefore, O Queen! we lay at thy feet the box which contains all that has been spoken by this Procession of the People."

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE NUMBER
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
RECORD NUMBER
OF A
RECORD REIGN.

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The Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS desire to inform the public that, contrary to a statement which has obtained currency, the price of the magnificent Jubilee Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has NOT BEEN RAISED at the Publishing Office. The price to the trade is the same as paid for the first orders, and the retail price at the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, is
HALF-A-CROWN.

Inland Postage, 6d.; Foreign Postage, 1s.

Queen's Day.

THE great day has come and gone, but has left its mark for ever in the world's history. As an abstract and brief chronicle, not only of the most glorious reign, but also of the growth of the greatest Empire that the world has ever known, Queen's Day 1897 stands unique. For the pæan of enthusiasm and homage with which some million and a half of her Majesty's subjects greeted their Queen on her triumphal progress through the heart of London, and the spontaneous outburst of patriotic welcome with which they hailed the Premiers and troops representing the colonial resources of the Mother-country, formed but a part in one great demonstration of the pride of Empire with which the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's beneficent rule was being celebrated throughout the remotest lands of her far-reaching dominion.

THE COLONIAL PROCESSION.

The Colonies preceded the Motherland in London's pageant of Imperialism. Heralded by a gay little company of Royal Horse Guards, and by General Lord Roberts, who rode well abreast of his staff on his white Arab, the idol of the crowd, the Canadian Hussars and Dragoons formed a sort of bodyguard to the carriage of the Canadian Premier, the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier (of that morning's creation), who was accompanied by his wife, but who otherwise "rode all alone," like the ballad hero, whereas the other Colonial Premiers rode in pairs. New South Wales Lancers, Victorian mounted men, New Zealand and Queensland contingents, not forgetting a group of Maoris, followed in due course, together with the Prime Ministers, two of whom gave the place of honour fronting the horses to their wives, a gallantry which won for them, if possible, an extra cheer. The Cape Mounted Rifles and Sir Gordon Sprigg were followed by a bronzed Natal troop. These again gave place to Zaptiehs, who wore a fez that led part of the populace to imagine they were Turks—some equally misplaced cheers and hisses being the result of the illusion. The Rhodesian Horse were in close attendance on the Premiers of Natal and South Australia, and at their head rode, much applauded, the Hon. Maurice Giffard, the sleeve of whose sword-arm hung empty, in witness of his wounds in the Matabili War. Then, most picturesque of all, came a motley array of infantry, terrible and beautiful to behold—Sikhs, Chinese from Hong-Kong, Malays from Singapore, Dyaks, Cingalese, Houssas, West Indian Regiments, Negroes from British Guiana, and dusky warriors from Trinidad, at sight of whom as our allies in hour of peril the colour distinction was forgotten by even a London crowd, or was remembered only to accentuate the roar of cheering which greeted them all along the line.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

The Colonial contingent of the procession, after giving a gorgeous spectacle, were themselves to see one. For they had started a little in advance, in order that they might be drawn up round St. Paul's while the Home troops and all the royal and other personages went by. In this way the Queen herself could see them, and hold on that busiest of days a sort of informal review. But the pause on the line of route was not a long one. Captain Ames, whose splendid height had to be rather imagined when he was mounted, rode at the head, with four troopers of the 2nd Life Guards. Then came six naval guns and Bluejackets. Cavalry followed—Life Guards, Dragoon Guards, with their bands (and no colourist could have refused his homage to the drummers and their steeds), with battery after battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and squadrons and bands of Hussars and Lancers. After these rode the Duke of Westminster, K.G., as Lord Lieutenant of London, the Headquarters Staff of the Army, three Field-M Marshals, and three Volunteer officers of representative position—Colonel Viscount Coke for the Militia, Colonel Viscount Valentia for the Yeomanry, and Colonel the Earl of Albemarle for the Volunteers. Then came a little multitude, riding in threes, of equestrians and gentlemen in attendance, English and foreign. The foreign naval and military attachés followed, and on the heels of these, moving quickly, as though conscious that there were greater things to come, rode a deputation of Indian officers and of the Imperial Service troops. Then the Envoys approached, three on horseback—the Corean, the Hawaiian, and the Roumanian—and all the rest in royal carriages, four in each carriage, until the fifth and last carriage came, with the French Ambassador Extraordinary, the Spanish Ambassador Extraordinary, and the United States Special Ambassador, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, easily recognised among the wearers of gorgeous uniforms by his black-and-white effect of ordinary evening dress. Then came carriage-load after carriage-load of officials of the Royal Households, and then the Royalties themselves, beginning with Princess Edna of Battenberg. In the twelfth royal carriage the Duchess of Teck acknowledged, with bows and smiles which had no reservations, the plaudits that were undoubtedly hers. In the last carriage the Empress Frederick, more like the Queen than any other of her children, attracted so much notice that the Princess of Naples perhaps got less than her beauty would otherwise have ensured. After this the horsemen began again—the Duke of Fife, the

Marquis of Lorne (whose reminiscence of a throw at the last Jubilee made him very careful on this occasion), the Duke of Teck, the Prince of Bulgaria, the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, Prince Charles of Denmark, the Duke of Oporto, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Rupert of Bavaria (representing the elder line of the Royal House of Stuart), the Crown Prince of Siam, the Duke of York, Princes Henry and Albert of Prussia, the Grand Duke Serge of Russia, the Prince of Naples, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary, and the Grand Duke of Hesse. The escort of Indian Cavalry broke the personal thread for a moment, though not the picturesque succession, and then appeared Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief. At last the climax was reached, and to every tongue rose the announcing cry of "The Queen!" Her Majesty bowed from her carriage drawn by the eight gaily caparisoned creams, and in front of her sat Princess Christian and the Princess of Wales, while beside and behind her rode the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Connaught. From Buckingham Palace, all the way to St. Paul's Cathedral, through Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, along the Strand and Fleet Street, decorated out of all recognition, the Queen passed in the midst of this gorgeous and unexampled procession, all in brilliant weather, and received by salvos of her people's cheers. The pause at Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor and the civic authorities joined the show, was of the briefest, thanks to the alacrity of Sir G. Faudel-Phillips. At St. Paul's the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, with a large body of ecclesiastical dignitaries, splendidly vested, received her Majesty with prayer and benediction as she sat in her carriage, surrounded by such a throng of spectators as never before gathered within the shadow (though there was not much of that) of Wren's glorious dome. Then, amid the strains of a spontaneously sung National Anthem, the procession moved Citywards, crossed London Bridge into the Borough, and returned by Westminster Bridge to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen rested from the labour—no light one—of receiving the salutations of nearly two millions of the people to whom her message of the morning had been sent: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." All through London, as soon as light failed, the illuminations, like all other signs of the day's celebration, were on a scale that has never been surpassed.

TO OUR SOVEREIGN LADY Queen Victoria.

22nd JUNE, 1897.

Light of our Isles, by night and day to us
Kind as the Sun and steadfast as a star,
Victoria, our Queen, victorious
In Peace and War.

Proud of our land are we, proud of our race,
Proud of the sixty years, too swiftly flown,
Since thou, with regal soul and girlish grace,
Didst mount the throne.

And we would sing, if we had strength to sing,
With voices full, and mighty as our love,
Thy glory, till the charmed air should ring
Around, above.

Wherever sounds the wave or blows the wind,
Thy name is sounded and thy fame is blown,
Queen of the Seas, and Empress of the Ind,
Great and our own.

Yet, not for thy vast realm, thy peerless might,
Not for thy length of reign, nor length of days
(Which God increase with honour and delight),
Alone our praise;

But for thy stainless life, the heritage
Of all; the pattern fair, in court and home,
To every maid and wife, in this thine age
And those to come;

And for thy gifts supreme, thy Will to bless
(That pure unchallengeable "right divine"),
Thy Heart which listens to the world's distress
And makes it thine;

Thy Voice which speaks, as never monarch spoke,
The word that carries comfort on the wing,
With power to soothe the wound, to lift the yoke,
To still the sting.

O Queen of Mothers, Mother queenliest,
Our sons are thy sons, and thy sons are ours
In will and deed, in tumult and in rest,
Sunshine and showers.

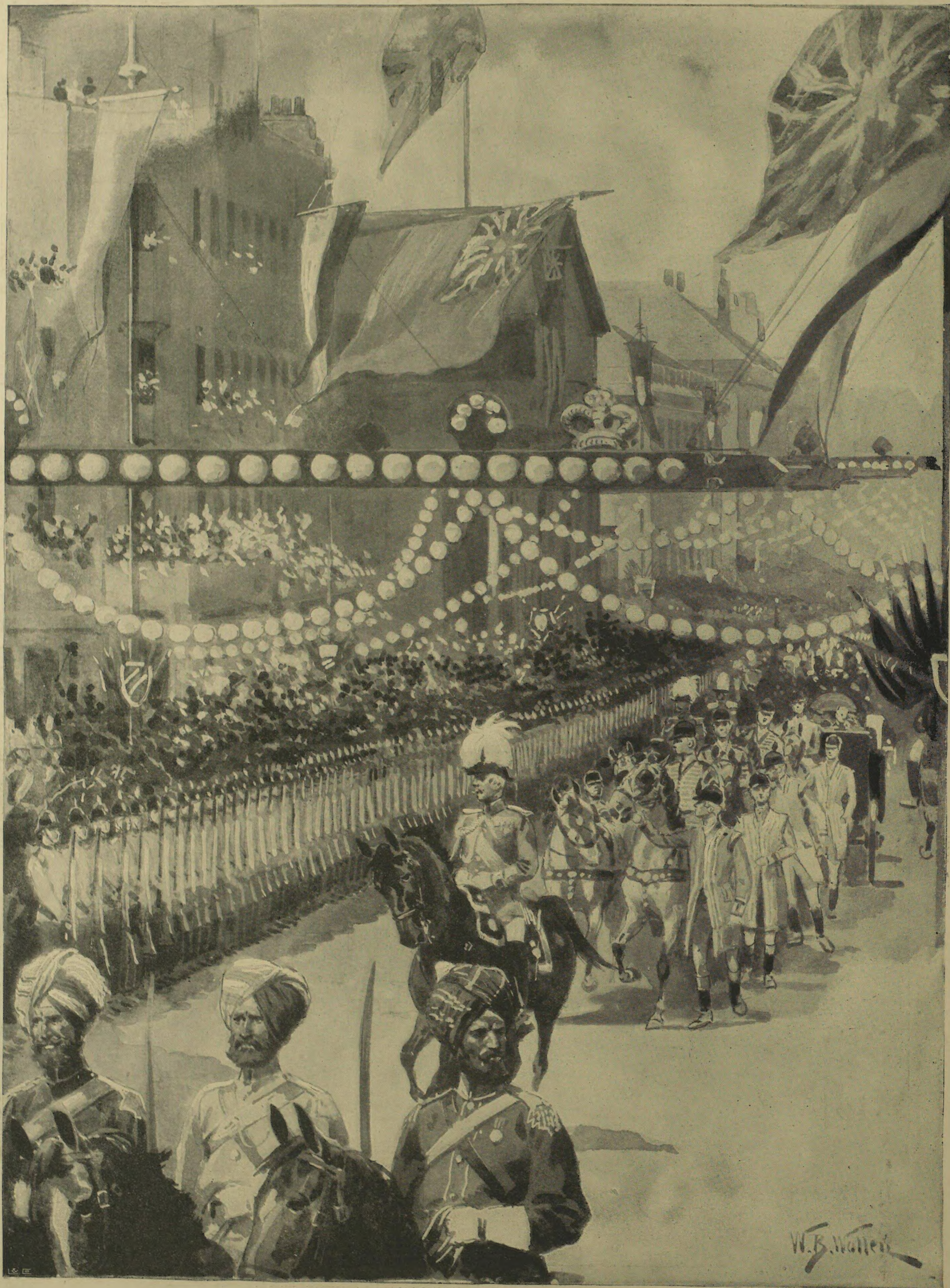
But hush—the Nations, come from over seas,
Attend, with trumpets blown and flags unfurled,
To swell thy Jubilee of Jubilees,
Heart of the World!

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

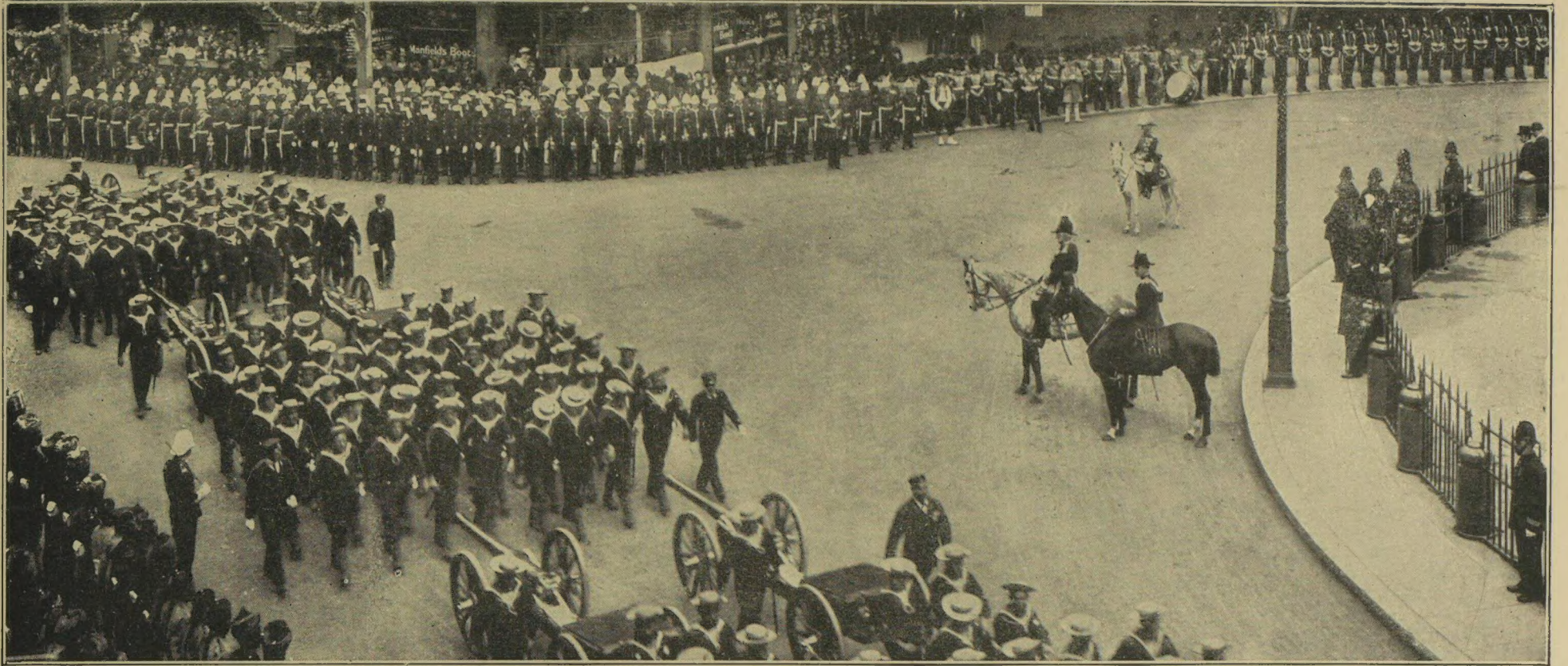


THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON MONDAY, JUNE 21.

The Queen arrived at Buckingham Palace from Windsor Castle on Monday, June 21, and in the evening of that day was present at a State Banquet given in honour of the foreign Princes and Envoys assembled in England for her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee celebrations. After the banquet the Queen held a reception which was attended by the royal foreigners and Envoys, the Indian Princes, the officers of the Imperial and Native Indian escorts, and the Colonial Premiers and their wives.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION: HER MAJESTY'S CARRIAGE PASSING ALONG PALL MALL.



THE NAVAL DETACHMENT.

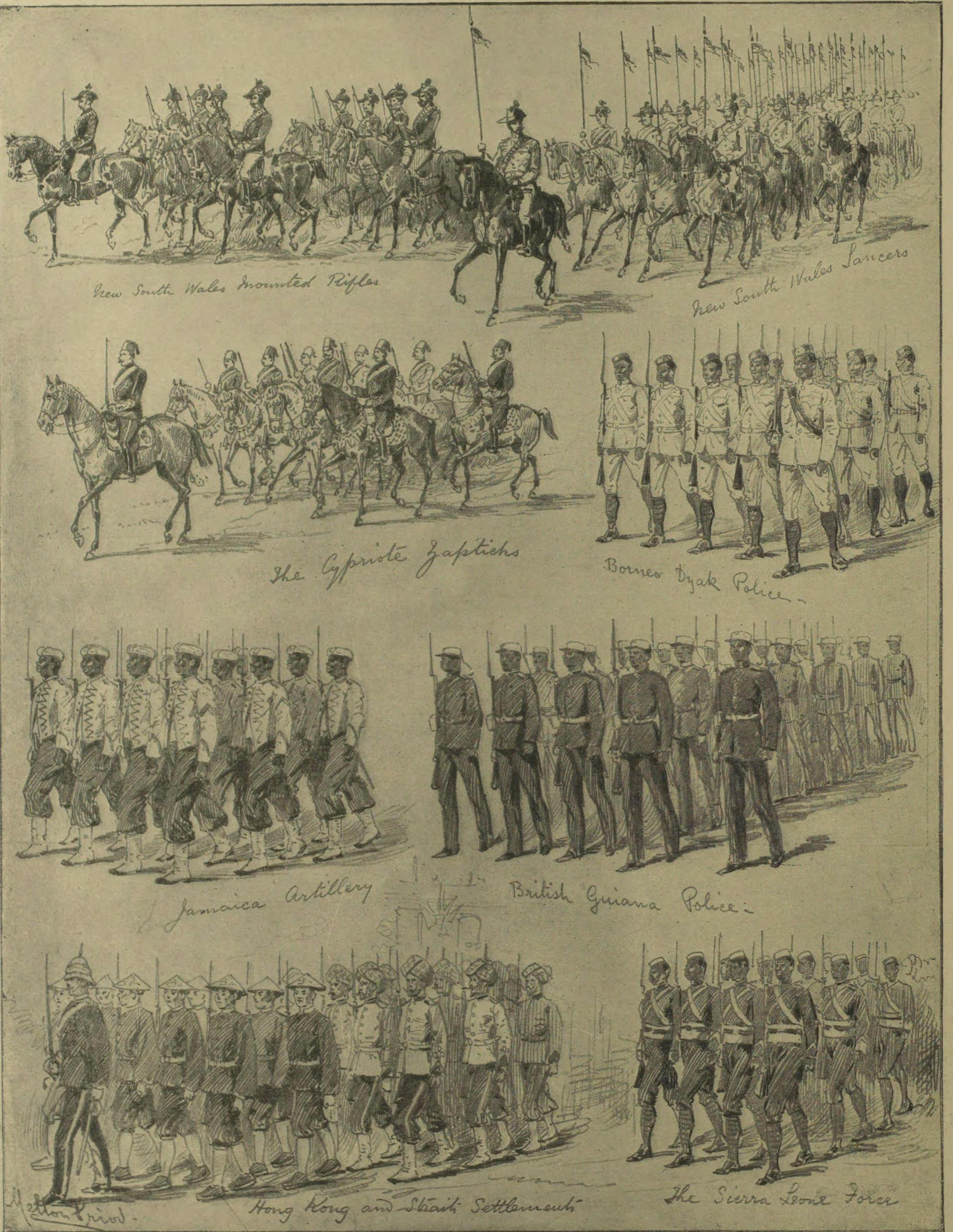


THE NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED INFANTRY.



AN INDIAN CONTINGENT.
THE PROCESSION PASSING ST. PAUL'S.

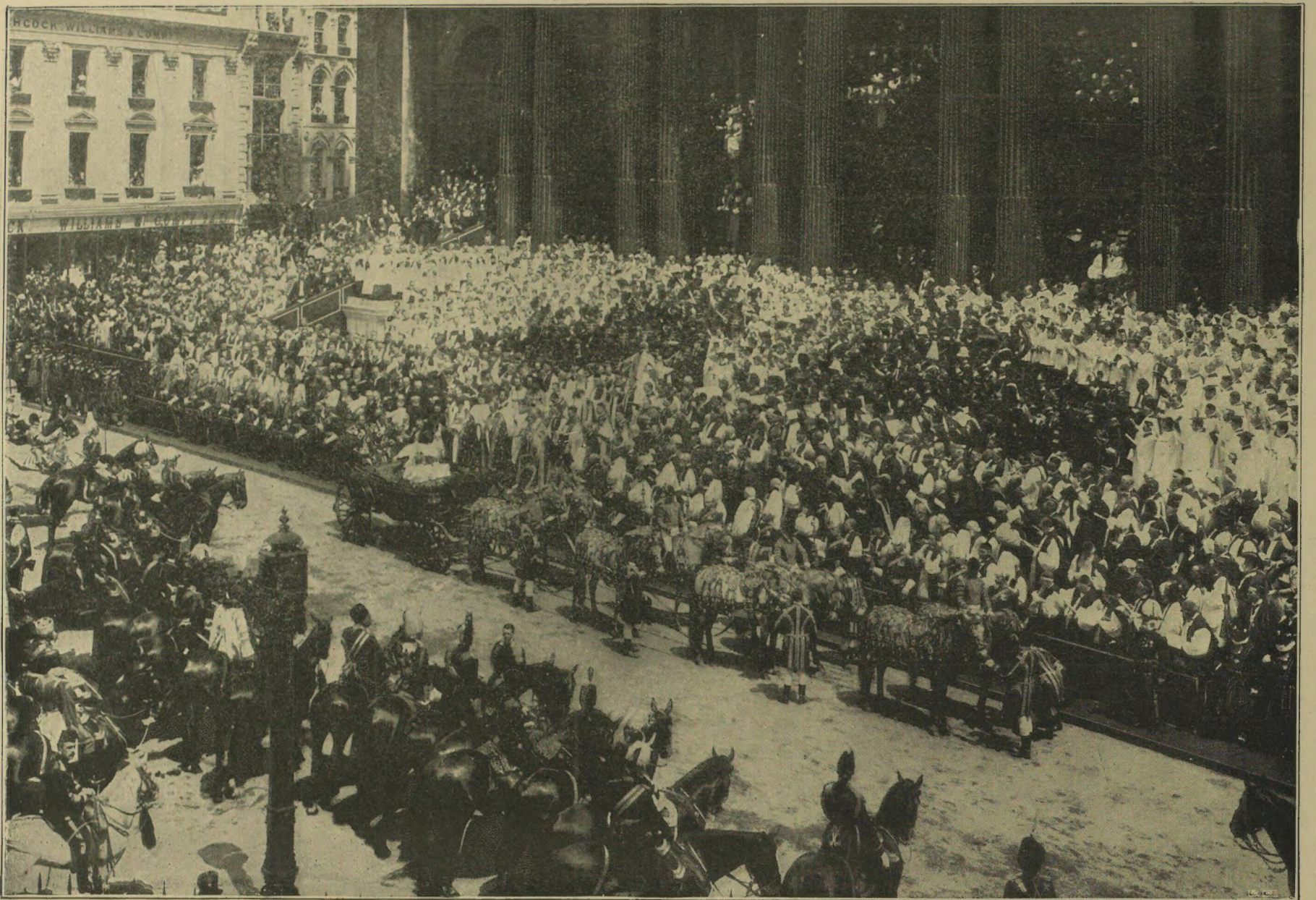
Photographs by Argent Archer, Kensington.



COLONIAL TROOPS IN THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE PROCESSION.

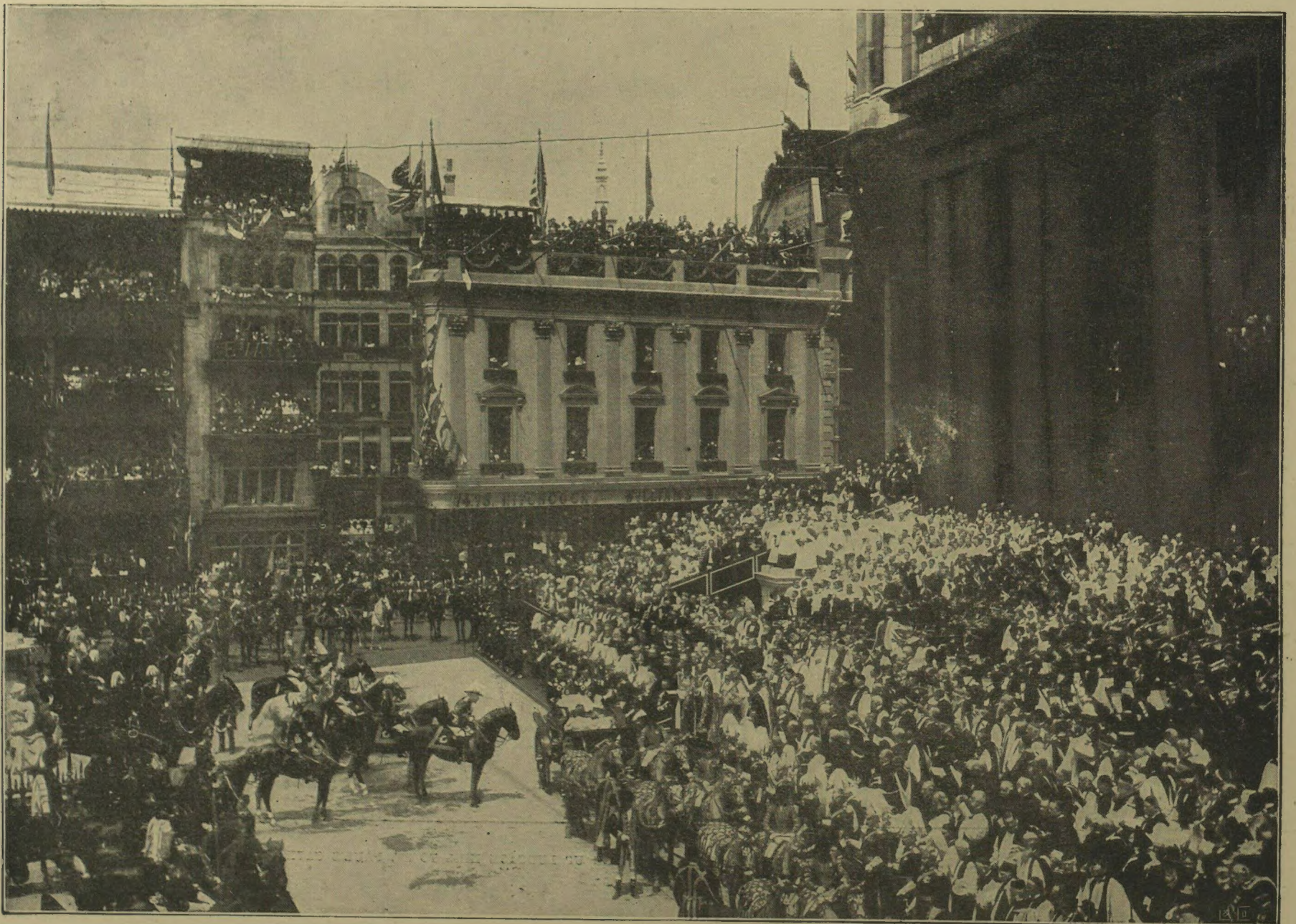


THE ROYAL PROCESSION: HER MAJESTY'S CARRIAGE PASSING UP LUDGATE HILL TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Photo Argent Archer, Kensington.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AFTER THE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.

Photo Lascelles, Fitzroy Square.



THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Photo Russell and Sons, B.A. Street.



THE QUEEN'S RETURN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S CARRIAGE LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
Photo Russ U. and Sons, Baker Street.



THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE PASSING ALONG WHITEHALL.
Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION CROSSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



THE ESCORT OF INDIAN CAVALRY PASSING THROUGH THE HORSE GUARDS FOLLOWED BY THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE.

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION: THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION: THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE CROSSING LONDON BRIDGE.



THE ROYAL ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY: THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE PEARL SWORD TO HER MAJESTY AT TEMPLE BAR.

The ceremony of admitting the Queen within the boundaries of the City of London was performed by the Lord Mayor, with all the formalities prescribed by ancient custom. The Lord Mayor, the City Marshal, and the Sheriff arrived at Temple Bar in a coach, followed by the Corporation, and these proceeded to stand in the east side of the monument which occupies the site of old Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor, attended by his Sword-bearer, who held the Pearl Sword of the

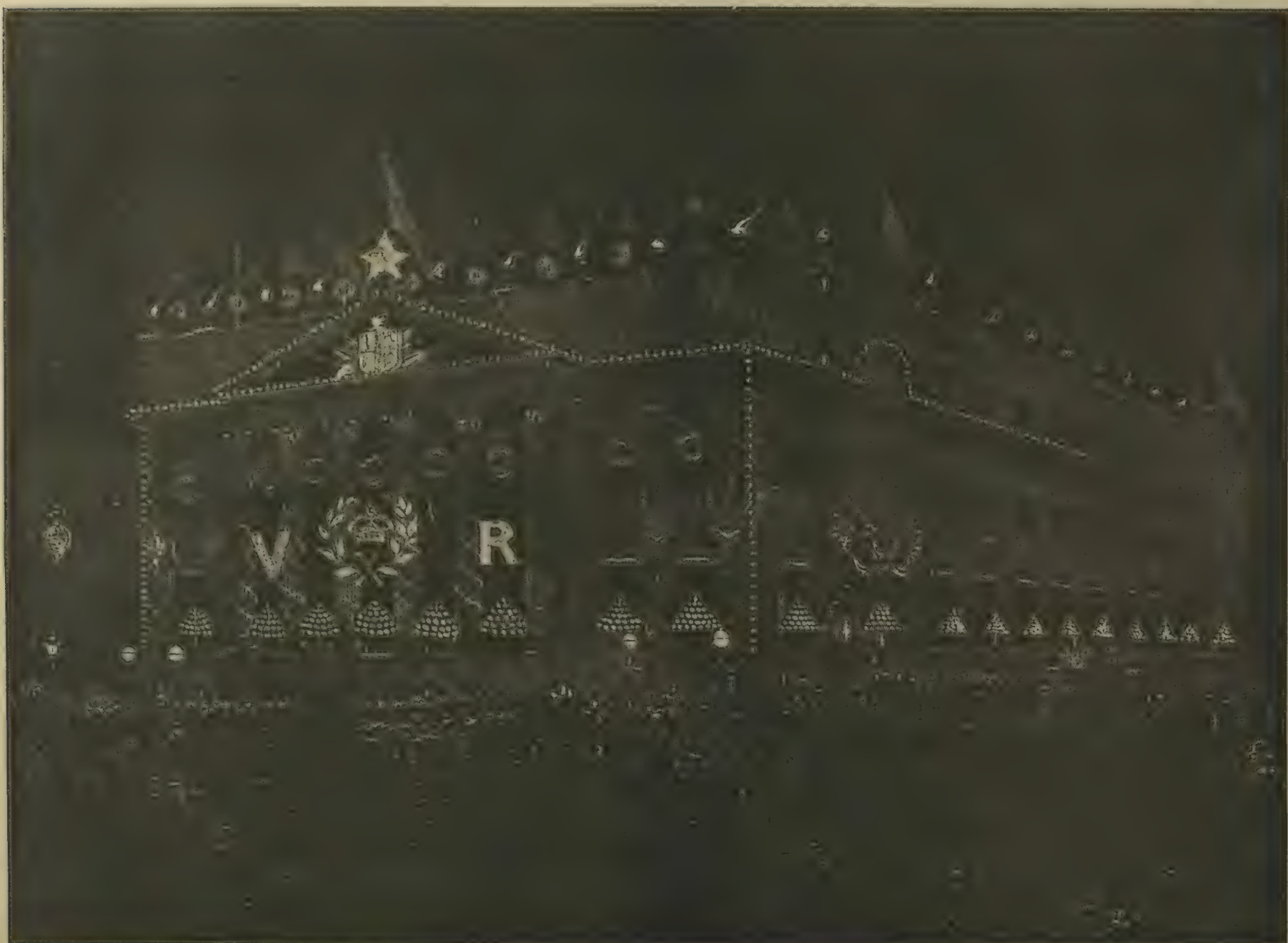
City, and a deputation of civil dignitaries, saluted the chief personages in the Royal Procession as it passed into the City. When the Queen's carriage had halted for the onward ceremony, the Lord Mayor advanced, and, having saluted the Queen to her most loyal City of London, presented the pearl sword to her Majesty. The Queen laid the sword, and bade the Lord Mayor to keep it in his keeping. The Lord Mayor then mounted his horse again and took his place in front of the Queen's immediate escort, to lead her Majesty through the City.



ILLUMINATIONS AT THE OFFICES OF THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, AT THE CORNER OF PARLIAMENT STREET.



ILLUMINATIONS AT THE PREMISES OF MESSRS. A. AND F. PEARS, NEW OXFORD STREET.



THE MANSION HOUSE ILLUMINATED.

The illuminations at the principal quarters of the Metropolis were more brilliant and more varied than they have been on previous occasions of rejoicing, the prevalence of the electric light and the use of gas lamps being undreamed of in days gone by. The illuminations in the City of London, and the Bank of England is illustrated in our Supplement,

and the brilliant effect obtained at the Mansion House by the efforts of Messrs. James Pain and Sons is here shown. The whole façade of the building was outlined with thousands of gas lamps, while the roof was surmounted by torches and a magnificent Star of India, the other designs including a shield bearing the City Arms, a crown, and a laurel wreath, with the letters V.R., one on each side.

THE BEST EXAMPLES OF CARRIAGES

(See
Photo-Engravings
below)

FASHIONABLE IN THIS DIAMOND JUBILEE YEAR OF 1897

ARE BUILT AND
EXHIBITED BY

MAYTHORN & SON AT BIGGLESWADE

Where, THROUGH THE ADVANTAGES OF **UNLIMITED SPACE** with **UP-TO-DATE WORKS & MACHINERY**, they are able to produce all kinds of Carriages of most perfect **STYLE** and unsurpassed **EXCELLENCE** at extremely Moderate Prices.



2393
MAYTHORN'S SPECIAL SINGLE BROUGHAM.
(Weight from 6½ cwt.) Price from 100 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £33 15s. each.



9526
MAYTHORN'S PRIVATE OMNIBUS.
Price from 140 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £51 9s. each.



9355
MAYTHORN'S MINIATURE SQUARE LANDAU.
Price from 140 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £51 9s. each.



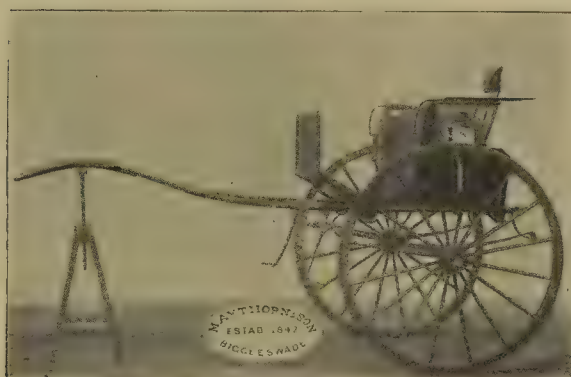
2402
MAYTHORN'S DUCHESS VICTORIA.
Price from 110 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £40 8s. 6d. each.



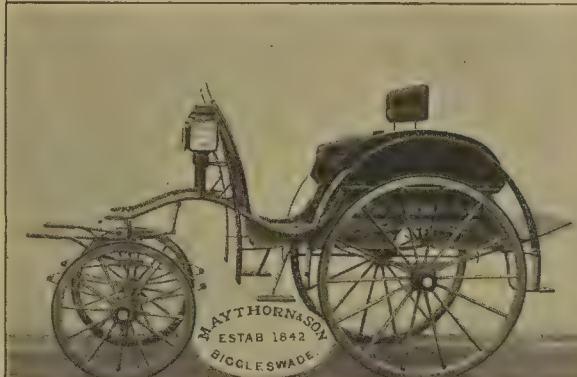
2329
MAYTHORN'S CELEBRATED BELVOIR PHAETON.
(Built in Three Sizes.) Price from 35 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £12 17s. 6d. each.



9442
MAYTHORN'S COUNTY VICTORIA.
Price from 70 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £25 15s. each.



9509
MAYTHORN'S IMPROVED STANHOPE BUGGY.
Price from 36 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £13 5s. each.



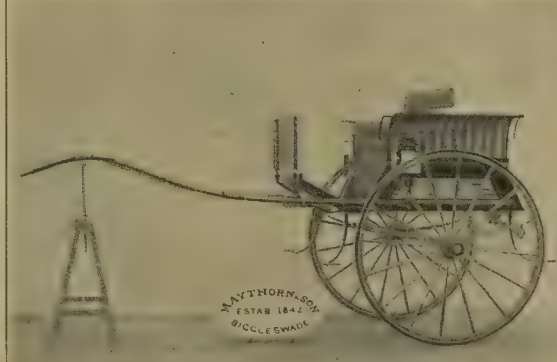
8797
MAYTHORN'S FOUR-WHEEL LADIES' CAR.
(Built in Three Sizes.) Price from 35 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £12 17s. 6d. each.



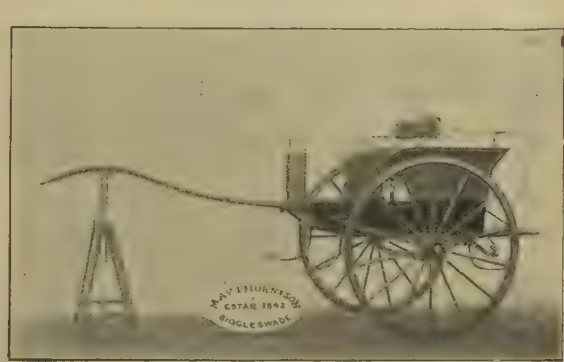
2429
MAYTHORN'S IMPROVED HEADED STANHOPE BUGGY.
Price from 58 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £21 6s. each.



2431
MAYTHORN'S DUCHESS CAR.
(Built in Three Sizes.) Price from 32 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £12 each.



2407
MAYTHORN'S DOG-CART DE LUXE.
(Built in Two Sizes.) Price from 38 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £14 each.



2424
MAYTHORN'S CELEBRATED RIPON CART.
(Built in Three Sizes.) Price from 32 Guineas cash, or Three Annual Payments of £12 each.

The above Engravings are produced direct from Photographs of the actual Carriages represented.

MAYTHORN & SON'S Illustrated PRICE LIST for 1897 comprises Full Particulars of the above, and many other Fashionable Carriages. **CARRIAGES OF ALL KINDS** are supplied on **MAYTHORN & SON'S** **EQUITABLE HIRE PURCHASE SYSTEM**, the terms of which are easier and more liberal than offered by any other firm. A Scale for the division of Cash Prices into Annual Sums sent on application.

REPAIRS TO CARRIAGES are executed by **MAYTHORN & SON** in the most thorough manner, and detailed Estimates are furnished. **INDIARUBBER TYRES** of all kinds fitted at most moderate charges. **SPECIAL ATTENTION** given to Colonial and Foreign orders. **HUNDREDS OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.** Extracts from recent ones sent on application.

IN PURCHASING MAYTHORN & SON'S CELEBRATED CARRIAGES ONLY ONE MODERATE PROFIT IS PAID, and no excessive show-room rents have to be provided for, so that, whilst securing Carriages of **BEST STYLE AND UNIFORM HIGH QUALITY**, at least **20 PER CENT.** is saved in price.

ONE OF THE BEST SELECTIONS OF CARRIAGES IN ENGLAND always on view. Telegraphic Address: "Maythorn, Biggleswade."

MAYTHORN & SON, BUILDERS OF CARRIAGES OF HIGHEST QUALITY ONLY, **BIGGLESWADE.** [ESTAB. 1842]

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The end of Mr. Barney Barnato has formed a text for many lay preachers, but though he may have illustrated "the deceitfulness of riches" in a literal sense, he was by no means a type of the rich man as he is generally understood. Though little else than a mere money-bag, so far as ideas were concerned, he could not be said, as rich men are often said to do, to "stink of money." Though doubtless greedy of gain, he was not mean; he spent with both hands what he had grasped. He never pretended to be what he was not: he had none of that affectation of wisdom and solemnity that often accompanies pecuniary success. If he could be said to be the ideal of anything, it was of the Stock Exchange millionaire, a *race sui generis*, neither impressing nor seeking to impress their fellow-creatures, except with a sense of their own cleverness; their morals easy, their manners tumultuous. More vulgar than the newest of *nouveaux riches* in other spheres, they are not so offensive; not purse-proud, but only vain of the sharpness, and even of the sharp practice, that has filled their purse. It is said that Mr. Barnato, at the summit of his prosperity, never turned his back upon those he had

known in his days of poverty, which can be said of few rich men who have made their pile by other means.

As to his having been a clown in a circus, if it were so, never had millionaire such a beginning: it seems the most hopeless of groundworks for a financial edifice. Yet, years ago—so long that there can be no harm in writing of it—I remember a faint resemblance to his career. In a southern county an historic Hall, which had long been to let, was taken by a Mr. Horton. No one knew anything about him, and for a while "the county" held aloof; but his honest, cheery ways and free-handed liberality soon won their regard. He was not thought to be refined—his laugh was too loud and vigorous—but his wife was a very pleasant woman, and his grown-up family (as often happens in such cases) well mannered enough. He gave many entertainments, at which he enjoyed himself (which is very unusual) as much as his guests, and certainly laughed louder. He became in time a popular man, except that no one could discover whence he came or what he had been: the curiosity of country people to discover this is proverbial, though Londoners care nothing about it, and this concealment of his antecedents annoyed them. They could discover nothing concerning him, and were, of course, convinced he

had something to be ashamed of. No visitor in the neighbourhood had ever heard of or could give the least information about him. At last one came in whose heart he awakened a chord of memory. "I don't remember his face," he said, "but his laugh seems an honest one." At a garden-party at the Hall, the host in the croquet ground (where there was an echo) happened to laugh even louder than usual; the visitor struck his palms together and cried "Eureka!" He had recognised the guffaw as belonging to a favourite of his youth, the Grimaldi of the circus. He had married the daughter of his proprietor, inherited the show, and made a large fortune by it; then had retired, got out of everything belonging to his past except his laugh, and assumed the name of Horton. It is right to add that his popularity did not suffer from the disclosure.

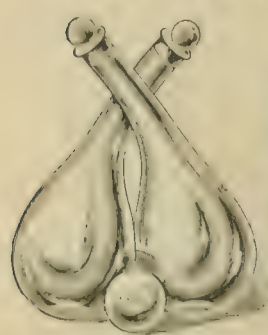
There is no walk of life in which we do not in these days find the middleman; his is often the best and always the safest place, like the mid-carriage of a railway train; but where we should never have thought of looking for him is among the prize puzzles. There, however, he is now to be found. It has of late become generally known that numbers of our fellow-creatures gain a precarious existence in the competitions offered by the various

THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show-Rooms: **112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.** (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURER'S CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.



Silver-Mounted "Twin" Oil and Vinegar Bottles, with Silver-Mounted Corks. In three sizes, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s.



Cut Crystal Bottle, with Silver-Mounted Stopper, 23 15s.



Fine Cut Crystal Glass Claret-Jug, with Silver-Mounted Handle, 23 5s. Best Electro Plate, 21 7s. 6d.



Massive Pierced and Chased Solid Silver Clasp, 21 5s. Illustration about half-size.



Richly Chased and Pierced Solid Silver Mounted Pin-Cushion, 21 5s.



New Pattern Solid Silver Candlesticks, Height, 4 1/2 in., 22 15s. per Pair.



Solid Silver Exquisitely Pierced Bonbon Dish, 6 in., 21 12s. 6d.; 8 in., 21 17s. 6d.



Beautifully Fluted Solid Silver Comb-Tray, 21 2s. 6d.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

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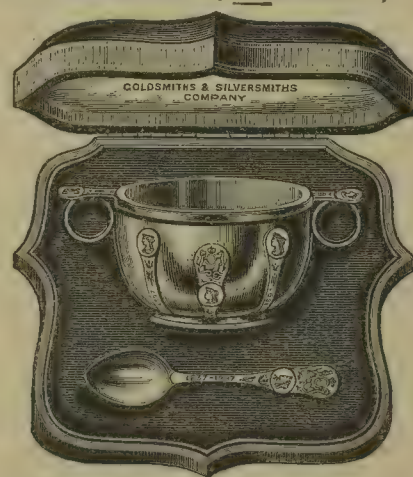


Four Solid Silver Fruit-Spoons, heavily gilt, richly embossed with the Queen's Head in Medallion and the dates "1837-1897," in best Morocco Case, 27 10s. Two Spoons only, in best Morocco Case, 23 17s. 6d.



Registered Design.—The New "Franklin" Solid Silver Tea and Coffee Set: Tea-Pot, 25 10s.; Coffee-Pot, 25 17s. 6d.; Sugar-Basin, 22 10s.; Cream-Ewer, 21 12s. 6d.; Complete, 215 10s. Solid Silver Kettle and Stand, 212 10s.

AWARDED NINE GOLD MEDALS AND THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.



Child's Solid Silver Bowl and Spoon, richly embossed with the Queen's Head in Medallion, and the dates "1837-1897," in best Morocco Case, 26 10s.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (The GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company.)



THE "SAN REMO" BABY-CAR.

HITCHING'S BABY STORES

The Premier Manufacturers of High Grade BABY CARRIAGES in the World, have extensive Show-Rooms at

23, 21, and 19, LUDGATE HILL, London, E.C.

198, OXFORD STREET, London, W. (NEAR ROBINSON'S)

28, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. (ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER.)

THIS elegant Baby Car is equally adapted for use as a Reclining Car for a young baby, or a Mail Car for an older child.

1. It has just been designed.
2. Runs on four silent wheels.
3. Small light front wheels.
4. Very safe, bed being lower than in any other Car.
5. Hitching's "Versailles" Cee Springs.
6. Occupies less space than any other.
7. Has deep well for legs and feet. No cramping.
8. Hitching's Patent "Any Position Hood."
9. Half the weight of a wood body. Finest cane and rattan.
10. Cool in summer.
11. Artistically painted.
12. Beautifully upholstered in biscuit, biscuit and pale blue, mignonette, green, &c.

Price as drawn £6 6s. net.

Messrs. HITCHING and WYNN have recently had the honour of building the Baby Carriage for the Baby Prince Edward of York, having previously executed orders for H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Prussia, &c.; also the Russian, Danish, Portuguese, and Swedish Royal Families.

HITCHING'S BABY CARRIAGES from 2 to 25 guineas, and BABY CARS from 15s. 6d. to 10 guineas, are not only the BEST, but also 25 per cent. cheaper than those sold by dealers and stores. A carriage should always be purchased from the actual manufacturer. Inquiries receive prompt and courteous attention. A beautiful Pictorial Price List free on mentioning this paper. Correspondence solicited.

Bankers: CAPITAL & COUNTIES BANK and CITY BANK. Telegram Address: LIVERPOOL HOUSE, 74, BOLD ST. HITCHING, LONDON. Boston (U.S.A.) Agency: 92, WASHINGTON ST.

HITCHING'S "PRINCESS MAY" BABY CARRIAGE IS MOST SUITABLE FOR A CHRISTENING PRESENT, BEING RECHERCHÉ AND UNPROCURABLE ELSEWHERE.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATION.

8¹/₂ D.

SIZE CONVENIENT FOR CYCLE-BAG.

8¹/₂ D.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

HORSES

HUMAN USE

ROYAL

UNIVERSAL

1/- 2/-

2/6 3/6

Per Bottle.



BRUISES.

STIFFNESS.

SPRAINS.

Cyclist: "Nothing like Elliman's."
Horseman: "That's so!"

HORSES. CATTLE.
DOGS. BIRDS.

FOR ACHES & PAINS

CALENDAR & LAMP-LIGHTING

TABLE, 1897,

AND

POCKET MIRROR

FREE.

Address—

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO.,
SLOUGH, ENGLAND.



IN ELLIMAN'S SAFETY.

"To one of the Panamik coolies, who had sprained his knee, I gave some Elliman's Embrocation in one of our tin tea-cups, and thought I had made him understand he was to rub it on, but to my horror, and before I could stop him, he swallowed the lotion, and in a very short space of time was sprawling on his stomach, choking and spluttering; but as soon as he recovered his breath, he got up and salaamed, saying it was very good. So, as he seemed quite pleased and none the worse, I did not enlighten him as to his mistake."—Page 13. Quoted from "The Pamirs," by the Earl of DUNMORE, F.R.G.S.

ELLIMAN'S AND THE PANAMIK

Rub in Elliman's for Aches and Pains.

HORSES, CATTLE, DOGS, BIRDS.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S
ROYAL EMBROCATION
FOR HORSES AND CATTLE.



For Sprains, Cuts, Spleets, when forming.
For Overreaching, Chapped Heels, Wind Galls.
For Rheumatism in Horses.
For Broken Knees, Bruises, Wounds, Clapped Hoofs.

For Sore Throats and Inflammations.
For Sore Shoulders, Sore Knees.
For Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs.
For Feet, &c. in Sheep.
For Sprains, Cuts, and Bruises in Dogs.

PREPARED ONLY BY
ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO.,
SLOUGH, NEAR WINDSOR.
PRICE 2/- DIRECTIONS FOR USING ENCLOSED.

Bottles, 1s., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Jars, 10s. 6d., 20s.

Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO.,
SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

YEAR BY YEAR 1847 TO 1897 INCREASING DEMAND

UNIVERSAL 8¹/₂ D. ETC.
FOR HUMAN USE

FOR Elliman's Embrocation

ROYAL

FOR ANIMALS

1/- 2/- 2/6 3/6



ELLIMAN SONS & CO SLOUGH ENGLAND

periodicals; to many more they offer the one excitement of their lives, even though nothing comes of it in the end but disappointment. Whole families—however they may disagree in other things—unite in attempting to guess the picture puzzles, to solve the riddle, to answer the questions upon every subject from Shakspeare to the musical glasses, that are propounded by the weekly publications, with rewards that make the mouth water. The system answers better than the promise even of a larger sum if you are killed with the periodical in your pocket, for *that* only benefits one's relations, who, however admirable, are hardly to be compared with ourselves. A family may be very ingenious, and yet not be able to answer all the questions in a competitive paper. Then it is that the middleman offers his services. He will solve any particular puzzle for you for sixpence, or, at most, for a shilling, and the whole lot of them for a sum quite inconsiderable when compared with the money value of the highest prize. This excites one's curiosity to know why, instead of assisting other people, this gentleman does not obtain the prize for himself. The same question occurs to us as regards those who send their commercial circulars, which offer such immense advantages, to strangers instead of keeping them for home use. Our middleman does not,

indeed, absolutely guarantee success, but he goes very near it. "Tip-top solutions"; "The very best to be obtained"; "No rubbish"; "My list contains the pick from those of twenty experts!" Conceive the middleman, surrounded by his twenty experts, poring over the picture puzzles of the periodicals day by day and week by week in order to relieve the mental pressure in ten thousand family circles!

The unthankfulness with which the fair sex receive civilities from the hand of man—and, indeed, sometimes snap at it by way of return—has become proverbial. It is, in reality, one of the strongest arguments that the ladies of the platform could use to show the independence of their clients, but somehow they omit to use it. At the same time it must be admitted that occasionally extreme shyness may cause a young lady to use a curtness of speech with strangers which is liable to be taken for discourtesy. One from the country, travelling the other day by the Underground Railway, timidly inquired of an old gentleman in the carriage whether the next station was the one she had to get out at. "Next but one," he answered gruffly. He got out at that himself, and holding the door open, as he stood on the platform, thus addressed her, "No please, no thank you, *no lady*."

As the young lady tells the story herself, and with much enjoyment, we may be sure that she does not plead guilty to the indictment; but it is certainly the fact that, whether from the use of bicycles, tailor-made clothes, or the loan of a latch-key, ladies do not acknowledge the civilities or little sacrifices men pay to them as they used to do.

In these days of athleticism, when thews and sinews are such objects of worship, and the most distinguished persons are those who can "jump highest and stay up longest, dive deepest and come up driest," rather than our poets and philosophers, it is noteworthy that in the paramount and exclusive game of golf a negro has come off victor in America on Decoration Day. Moreover, in spite of his having the audacity to beat a white man, he has, up to the present writing, not been lynched. If a black man were to cut out Grace at cricket, it would convince a good many in the country that there is no inferiority in the coloured race. In one game, however, the whites will always hold their own. A nigger may write poetry and sing it, may preach like Spurgeon, and discourse the sweetest music (chiefly, however, on the banjo), but he can never play football: his shins won't stand it.

"Montserrat"
Lime-Fruit Juice
*The most Refreshing, Cooling,
and Healthful
Beverage*

"The Draught of Delight."

"MONTSERRAT" LIME-FRUIT JUICE is made from cultivated Limes, and is universally admitted to be the PUREST and BEST.

The *Lancet* says: "We counsel the public to drink Lime-Fruit Juice wherever and whenever they list."

"MONTSERRAT" IS A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE—A VERITABLE "DRAUGHT OF HEALTH."

"MONTSERRAT" LIME-FRUIT JUICE and Cordials are sold by Grocers, Druggists, Wine Merchants, &c., Everywhere.

"Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew."—WHITTIER.

HER MAJESTY'S PRIZE—THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

THIS WAS A MAN!"

—SHAKSPERE.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER MAJESTY at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not* to the *cleverest* boy, nor the *most bookish* boy, nor to the most *precise, diligent, and prudent* boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN."—SMILES.

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is
PURE and BRIGHT
IN your YOUTH; for what
TRUE and TRIED
IN the AGE of OTHERS;
for all that is GRACIOUS
AMONG the LIVING,
GREAT among the DEAD,
AND MARVELLOUS in
the POWER
THAT CANNOT DIE.'
RUSKIN.
IF I take the wings of the
morning and
DWELL in the uttermost
parts
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY
POWER IS THERE.'
KNOWEST thou ANY
CORNER of the WORLD
WHERE at least FORCE
is not?

THE WITHERED LEAF CANNOT DIE;

DETACHED!
SEPARATED! I say
there is
NO SUCH SEPARATION:
Nothing hitherto
WAS ever stranded; cast
aside;
BUT ALL, were it only a
withered leaf,
WORKS together with
all; is BORNE FORWARD on
THE BOTTOMLESS,
SHORELESS FLOOD of ACTION,
AND LIVES THROUGH
PERPETUAL META-
MORPHOSES.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THE Withered Leaf IS
NOT DEAD and LOST.
THERE are Forces in it
and
AROUND it; though
working in inverse order.
ELSE how could it ROT?
DESPISE NOT the RAG
from which
MAN MAKES PAPER, or
the
LITTER from which
THE EARTH makes
CORN.
RIGHTLY viewed,
NO MEANEST OBJECT is
INSIGNIFICANT;
ALL Objects are as
WINDOWS, through
which the
PHILOSOPHIC EYE
looks into
INFINITUDE ITSELF.
CARROLL.

MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY
PROVES that matter is
INDESTRUCTIBLE.
INTELLECT—UNDER-
STANDING, GENIUS,
ABILITY, SENSE—is
without doubt
SUPERIOR to MATTER;
then it is
NOT LOGIC to Preserve
the INFERIOR and
DESTROY the SUPERIOR
THE following beautiful
lines from LONGFELLOW'S
'RESIGNATION' are
TRUE:

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."—LONGFELLOW.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY OF LIFE is Immensely Increased without such a Simple Precaution as

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

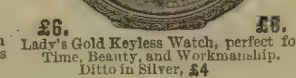
Prepared Only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS (LTD.), LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1895), with two codicils (dated May 28 and June 5, 1896), of Mr. John Alexander Beith,

The will (dated May 23, 1895) of Mr. Thomas Henry Pearson, J.P., of Redclyffe, Newton le Willows, Lancashire, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on June 12 by George Frederick Pearson and Charles Edmund Pearson, the brothers and executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £41,403. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay eight twentieths of the

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1886) of Mr. Edmund Hamshar Hardwick, J.P., of Chelworth Hall, Suffolk, who died in New Zealand on March 15 last, was proved on June 14 by Miss Martha Laura Hardwick, the sister, and Miss Jane Tanner, the cousin, the executrixes, the

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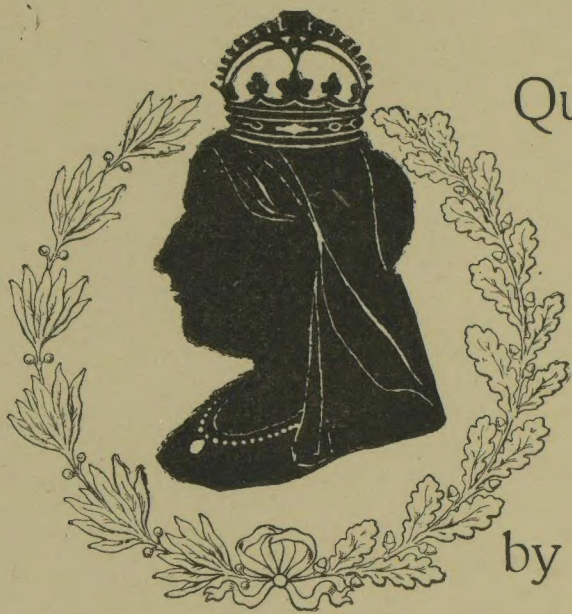


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value of the personal estate being £22,420. The testator gives £1000 to his niece Dorothy Ernest Hardwick; £1000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Ada Hardwick; an annuity of £52 to his housekeeper, Sarah Grace Hanson, and £100 to every person in his employ at the time of his death who has been in such employment for ten years previous. The residue of his property he leaves to his brothers and sisters, Harry Farncombe Hardwick, George Alexander Hardwick, Charles Eugene Hardwick, Martha Laura Hardwick, Harriet Susannah Hardwick, and Emily Alice Hardwick.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1895) of Mr. Louis Paschal Casella, a fellow of the Royal Astronomical, Geographical, and Meteorological Societies, of The Lawn, Highgate, who died on April 23, was proved on June 3 by Louis Marino Casella and Charles Frederick Casella, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to

£16,401 14s. 4d. The testator gives £100 to his daughter Josephine Jane Seward; the portfolio of water-colour drawings by his father, Paschal Casella, to his two sons and his daughter Mrs. Seward; £25 each to thirteen grandchildren; his house, The Lawn, with the household furniture and effects, 117, Tufnell Park Road, and all his interest in 153, 155, and 157, Stanhope Street, Regent's Park, to his daughter Cesarina Louise Maskell; and £1000 and all his shares in the Brighton Gas Light and Coke Company to his son Charles Frederick Casella. The residue of his property he leaves to his four children.

The will and two codicils of Mr. William Fitzgerald Pilcher, of 23, Grosvenor Place, S.W., and 10, Brunswick Square, Brighton, who died on April 9, were proved on June 11 by Mrs. Annette Pilcher, the widow, and Frederick John Robinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £6643 3s. 7d.

The will of General Robert George Hunter Grant, R.A., of 40, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on May 10, was proved on June 14 by Mrs. Flora Alexandrina Matilda Jordan, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being of a nominal amount.

The will of Lieutenant-General John Walpole D'Oyly, of 3, Bryanston Square, who died on April 5, was proved on June 14 by Major George Halford D'Oyly and Arthur Frederick D'Oyly, the nephews, and Charles Whitbread Graham, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £3659.

The will of Mr. Charles Llewellyn Whytehead Colby, of Malton, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 17 last, was proved on June 12 by James George Ernest Colby, M.D., the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £1018.

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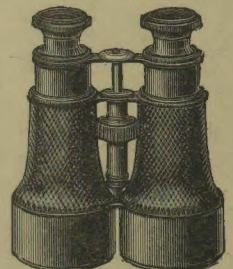


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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The effects of certain drugs in inducing peculiar mental states are well known to every reader. Opium has acquired a reputation in this respect probably second to that enjoyed by no other drug, while Indian hemp is another substance that produces peculiar conditions of exaltation of the nervous system, and gives rise to dreams and visions of the most gorgeous character. An interesting addition to the list of drugs which exhibit such mental effects has been made of late days in the shape of the "Mescal button," a fruit of a certain plant (*Anhalonium Lewinii*) growing in New Mexico and elsewhere. Mr. Havelock Ellis has contributed to a medical contemporary a graphic account of his experiences with mescal, which, he reminds us, has been made the subject of investigation by Dr. Weir Mitchell and

others in America. It would seem that the chief effect of mescal is to excite in a wonderful manner the sense of sight, and presumably, by acting on the eye itself, or eye-centres in the brain, to produce colour-visions of a very extraordinary character. Mr. Ellis took an infusion (which, he says, must be of double character to be effective) of three mescal buttons, dividing his dose into three portions, and taking the whole between 2.30 and 4.30 p.m. on Good Friday afternoon. The first decided effect produced was the intensifying of colour in objects which were not in the direct line of sight, such objects appearing of an enlarged form and of obtrusive nature. About 7.30 p.m. colour-visions with the eyes closed became prominent, while the sense of smell was subject to a species of hallucination, "the air seeming filled with vague perfume." The muscles refused to respond readily to the behests of the will. The pencil in Mr. Ellis's hand appeared to write in gold, and

the paper assumed a golden tint. The colour-visions were perceptible with open eyes in a darkened room. The sense of hearing was preternaturally acute.

The colour-visions continued, and on lighting the gas Mr. Ellis had the impression that it burned with excessive brilliance, and sent out light-waves which extended and contracted in a rhythmical fashion. The shadows were impressively beautiful, and were heightened with flashes of red, green, and violet tints. The violet shadows were especially prominent, and Mr. Ellis remarks that these phenomena may be connected directly with dilatation of the pupils, while after certain eye-operations the violet tints are known to appear to the patients. The experimenter fell asleep at 3.30 a.m., and the repose was of a peaceful and dreamless nature. The conclusion Mr. Ellis arrives at is that whatever pleasure mescal intoxication

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